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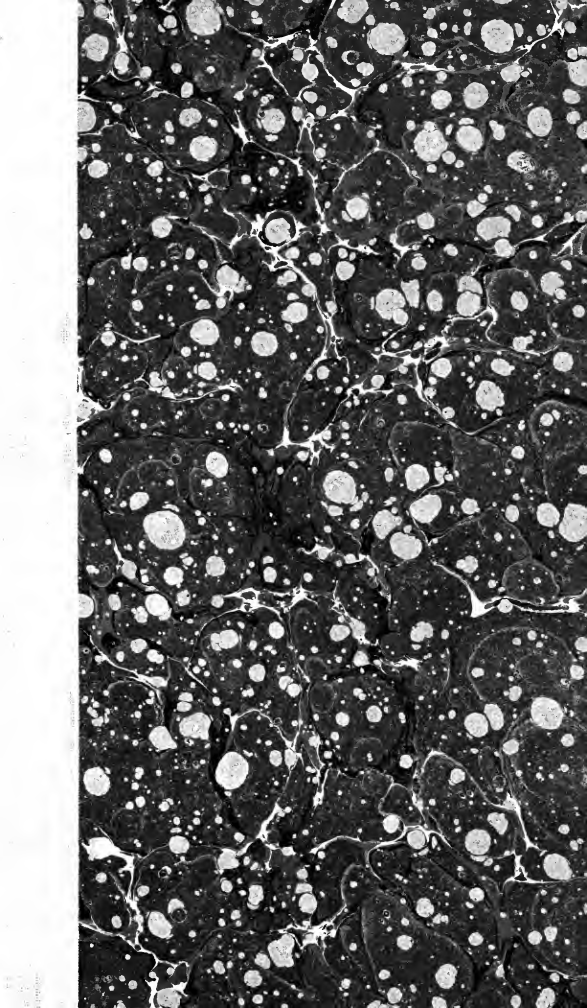
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LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP;  
OR,  
YANKEE NOTIONS:

A  
COMEDY,  
IN THREE ACTS.

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BY A. B. LINDSLEY.

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NEW-YORK:

PUBLISHED BY D LONGWORTH;  
At the Dramatic Repository,  
*Shakspeare-Gallery.*

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1809

The following piece (designed for a farce, but being considered too long has been printed as a comedy) was written, to pass away time, more than two years ago when I was several hundred miles removed from the precinct of any theatre, and but nineteen years of age. A copy was taken of it about sixteen months since, and considerable additions were made; after which it was read by two or three of my friends, who requested to see it published.

Should the pedantic critic graciously condescend to glance the eye of disapprobation over these pages, he may recollect or let it alone, that they are the first, the maiden production of a partially educated youth, who courts not his favor and shall never fear his impotent malevolence.

A. B. L.

*March, 1809.*

To

Mr. Twaits,

As a small tribute due to merit,

the following pages,

are inscribed,

by the

Author

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

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### ORIGINAL CAST.

Algernon Seldreer	<i>Mr. Claude</i>
Mr. Portrain	<i>Mr. Lindsley</i>
Mr. Marcene	<i>Mr. Shapter</i>
Mr. Dashaway	<i>Mr. Harwood</i>
Dick, <i>his son</i>	<i>Mr. Darley</i>
Catchpay	<i>Mr. Comer</i>
Captain Horner	<i>Mr. Hallam</i>
Jonathan, <i>his man</i>	<i>Mr. Robinson</i>
Jack Hardweather	<i>Mr. Twaits</i>
Harry, <i>a black boy</i>	<i>Mrs. Claude</i>
Augusta Marcene	<i>Mrs. Turner</i>
Charlotte Giddy	<i>Miss Dellinger</i>
Mrs. Marcene	<i>Mrs. Simpson</i>
Miss Lightlove	<i>Mrs. Villiers</i>
Phillis, <i>a black woman</i>	

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SCENE—Charleston, South-Carolina.

*A street—Dashaway's house—Marcene's house—  
Lightlove's house, and Seldreer's apartment.*

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TIME—ABOUT EIGHTEEN HOURS.



# LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP;

OR,

## YANKEE NOTIONS.

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### ACT I.

SCENE I—*a street, day light just appearing.*

*enter SELDREER.*

*Seld.* Thus early have I left my couch and ever must, while thus wretched:—the gentle shade of sleep will seldom visit me; repose has fled till the lovely Augusta is mine, and heaven knows if that will ever be. How little did I dream, two years ago, of becoming the unhappy man I now am.—Fortune then smiled unsolicited, with every pleasure and gratification; I had parents and friends who doated on me; money, and home; these blessings are fled! and I alone the cause—but my greatest misfortune is to love; and with but little hope, though loved in return—propitious omen! with joy I clasp thee, and banish all despair. I am ever dashing on, with little consideration, and my ærial plans of happiness generally miscarry. Could we view futurity in its true colors, at the dawn of infancy, how many would then willingly terminate this hazardous career—how few parents wish for issue doomed to wretchedness! yet mine are very

fond of me, and anxious for my return to Boston. Poverty, poverty ! how miserable thou makest him who fain would be a gentleman. Had I the fortune of the fop my rival, I might obtain the charming Augusta and make us both happy ! tis that alone biases ner cruel father against me. I am alarmed at our situation—for a stubborn father's sordid, stern decree will bring a gentle, obedient daughter to——any thing ! oh Boston, Boston ! oh this Carolina beauty, Yet, is not half my unhappiness ideal ? did I not fortunately find sympathy, congeniality of sentiment and mutual attachment in the gentle bosom of the amiable Augusta I might hail despair and welcome death ; but who shall say he is completely wretched if beloved by the tender maid he adores,

*enter JACK HARDWEATHER.*

*Jack.* Ship a hoi ! sail ho !

*Seld.* What merry fellow is this ?

*Jack.* What, shipmate, at anchor in the open roads ! d——n me, but you like foul weather better than I do ; for I am on the look out for a safe harbor, and good cabin.

*Seld.* What mean you lad, and who are you ?

*Jack.* Avast there ! not quite so fast, or you'll throw me all aback. Though to be answering you as fast as I can—I am Jack Hardweather, a piece of a sailor d'ye see, but d——n me, since the embargo, I have good reason to be almost tired of your salt sea sprays, so I am on the look out for a dry dock, or snug birth on shore, for a cruise. Are you in want of a cabin boy or steward ?

*Seld.* What can you do as waiting man ?

*Jack.* O, d——n me, any thing—wind a call, carry a message, box a good battle, drink grog, haul taught and belay, hand, reef and steer; reconnoitre an enemy, live and die, like a true tar, under Columbia's flag—find a pretty girl, and protect her, too!

*Seld. (aside)* If Augusta should consent to elope with me, this open hearted son of Neptune might be of some service. Come with me.

*Jack.* Avast! there's a sail right a head, bearing down upon us; shiver me, but there's two of them; man for man; fair play's a jewel, my lads! no false friends among us to fall upon and devour an unsuspecting shipmate, before he has time to pipe all hands, or light a match;—I've a mind to haul my wind, and lay too for them, they loom large. My eyes, but they are Rogue's islanders, loaded with notions.

*enter captain HORNER, JONATHAN following with a basket on one arm, containing some apples and potatoes; in one hand, a string of dried apples and onions; in the other, a piece of cheese and a bottle.*

*Capt Horn. (as entering)* Come along, I say, Jonathan, what dewe you walk so nation slow for? staren and gapen at every thing you see, I spose, baynt you?—you rotten fool you, aynt we got as fine things in Boston and Newport as any on'um here? and then there's New-York outshines um all, she's the cap-sheaf. Take special care of the examples, and dont lose none on'um, Jonathan.

*Jona.* Why, capun Horner, you walks so tarnation faste the old dragon couldn't keep up with you; I'm sure I kaynt, and no wonder, 'f I dewe lose

sonthen, why you'd beet dady's old leaden hoss all holler; darn my skin, 'f you wouldn't dewe it clear as mud

*Capt. Horn.* Never seem tewe mind it, Jonathan, you'll git yuste tewe me byme bye, my heart 'f wax; but we're got enamost up tewe the shops, and it's time for um tewe open; and 'f I sell my notions well, Jonathan, we'll buy a dram.

*Seld. (coming forward)* Ah! this is one of my old acquaintance, of Boston. I'll speak to him, he is rich, and I want money; perhaps, he will recollect what friendship and generosity are, open his heart, and find the way to his purse. (*aside*) My dear captain Horner, how do you do?

*Capt. Horn.* Never stir, 'f taynt our neighbor, young Seldreer; the long lost sheep. for sartan, and jest found, sure as guns. (*shake hands, and retire up stage*)

*Jack. (who has been watching round Jonathan, and eating his apples)* I say, shipmate, I wish you would tell me what you've got in that bottle?

*Jona.* Got! oh its got some 'f our capun's cyder in; its charmen stuff; we stopt at New-York, and took in a few barrells 'f old Newark 'ticular, jest from the Jarsays, and somehow folks thinks its better'n ourn, for its true jarsay blue, made arter the pattern 'f seventy six—we are taken it up for the groce' marchants tewe try for example.

*Jack.* For a sample you mean. I say, brother Jonathan, I should like to broach it just by way of *example*, my boy!

*Jona.* Should you though! here's impuduns, by gum! (*aside, and sets the things down*)

*Jack.* Ay, ay, my lad, let's have a bit of a pull at

it ; I am a brother yankee too, if you did but know it, though I suppose you dont like me any the better for that ; eh ! brother Jonathan ? (*slapping his shoulder*)

*Jona.* No, darn'd if I dewe, I knows their tricks. (*aside*) But it beets the very rot and all nater, never fetch me ! I believe the yankees goes all threwe the world—I am sure they are spread all over the New England states for sartan. But are you sure our capun won't see you taste it ?—'e's most darnation passionate when once 'e gits right down mad, and that's enamost every tew hours ; and 'e's proper stuff ; clear grit, I swow ! howsomever I believe I'll venture tew draw the tap, and let you jest taste on't.

*Jack.* Oh the land lubber ! talk about taps. (*aside*) Dont trouble yourself, brother Jonathan, I'll set all trim for you before you'll say Jack Robinson. (*takes the bottle, stuffs the apples and cheese into his pockets, and breaks neck of the bottle*) Here's success to Columbia's sons. commerce and freedom, and may the eagle have a shot in the locker till doomsday. and a jolly tar to heave it a head. with a gallant officer at the ensign halyards of all our national ships, to stand by and buoy up, but never to haul down. (*drinks off the liquor, and sets the bottle down*)

*Seld.* (*coming forward with Horner*) So, you will lend me no money, captain ?

*Capt. Horn.* Kaynt dewe it now, haynt sold my notions vit ; perhaps, arter I spose 'f my cheese and cyder. I'll let you have matter 'f five or six dollars, I got the best notions in all New England—Jonathan, show mr. Seldreer the examples.

*Jona. (discovering his loss)* Never fetch me, 'f 't dont beet all nater ! capun, it beets the very dragon—they're enamost all gone, and I don know where by the hokey !

*Capt. Horn.* Darnation, Jonathan ! what dewe say ? what have you ben doen on all this here time, you tarnation sleepy houn, you ?

*Jona.* Capun, dont swear so, I beg on't ; for the land sake and masies alive, what would our parson say ? you're a darned sight wos'n a methodist preacher.

*Capt. Horn.* Cuss you ! cuss you Jonathan ! git a long down a board the scheuner, and arter breakfast put things all t'rights, and boil a hock 'f pork and hafe a head 'f cabbage for dinner, and see what else you can 'stroy and lose 'fore I come 'board agin, you farnal——

[*exeunt* Horner, Seldreer, and Jack

*Jona.* There it is agin, by gum ! I knew how't would be. It beets all nater ! never fetch me 'f I dont think how it was that rotten sailor feller cut up all these here witched capers. But it beets every thing tewe see capun Horner git intewe sich a tarnal passion. Jest as it was the fust night we left Boston ; and all for nothen at all as a body may say, only 'caze I a axt um (for I jest cum from Suffolk, where they makes wooden dishes, and never went tewe sea 'fore) as 'e lay acrost the door what goes down chamber 'f 'e was goen tewe drive her the whul enduren night and how 'e'd stop her, with all that are cloth flyen top on her. Darnation ! says 'e, in a torne down passion—dont swear so, capun, says I, (cool as a keowcumber) git out 'f my sight Jonathan says 'e, hot as a nettle ; never fetch

me 'f I dewe, says I, (brushen up tewe'um you may be sartan) darnation! agin says'e, you're 'nough tewe make the divil mad, Jonathan! (I didn't mind that) so says I, look here, capun Horn-er! dont think tewe come paddy over a Suffield boy, I never was scart at an owl in all my born days, much more at sich an ugly ole feller as you be. When I cum'd aboard 'f this here ole schuner, says I, I meant tewe use you well 'f you did me; and so I says yit, 'f you dewe, but 'f you dont says I; I'll kick up sich a dust on't as you anyt seed this here many a long day, by gum. Darnation! cuss you, Jonathan, says 'e; it beets all nater, capun, says I tewe think friends'll fall out so like the deuce, and quarrel enamost for jest nothen at all, says I; so make it up, and let me sop some 'f our burnt pun-ken 'lasses, capun, says, I:—you may sop hell, Jonathan! says he—'bliged tewe you capun, says I, but I knows what's duty and good manners; so, arter my commander, 'f you please. So chargen um not tewe swear so, I told um tewe unbutton his collar, and cool it, for I was sartan it must be warm-ish arter swearen so hot; and off I goes sing'n and hopen, like the very rot.

*“ Father and I went up tewe town, along with capun Gooden,*

*“ And there we saw the boys and galls as thick as ha-ster pudden.”* [exit

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SCENE II—*an apartment in Dashaway's house.*

*enter DICK, in gown and slippers, rubbing his eyes.*

*Dick.* Curse that last night's frolic, I sha'nt get over it this week. I am as stupid and thirsty as if

I had not slept nor drank these two days. I am a pretty fellow, to make a handsome, healthy, young girl a husband ; yet father wants me to marry her ; and I want to marry her fortune ; as to miss Marcene, she will be better without me, for I am sure if I was her husband, she would have as much occasion for a lover as if she had never seen me. I can't go it any longer ; I must have a julap—I learnt it all at college. (*sits down*)

*enter* HARRY.

*Har.* You de call massa ? eh ! eh ! how he de look.

*Dick.* Yes, Harry, I am thirsty : you know what I want.

*Har.* Oh bery well, massa ; me de know for true ! but me bery sorry for see dis ; he good massa on'y he de make drink, so he de kill bum by. If ole massa come find um, he like de debil himself for true ! he so mad wid um. I spose he bin drink all night, and no hab sleep ; so, he de hot now, and want someting to cool off wid. Me no like dis white country, no like the buckrah ; me content when me bin lib in Africa, but me no much happy now. [*exit*]

*Dick.* (*after waiting some time*) I must have something to cool off with——Harry stays, and I can wait no longer. [*exit*]

*enter* HARRY, *with a small tea board, a decanter of gin, pitcher of water, vial essence of mint, and a punch-bowl.*

*Har.* Eh ! he de gone ; I spose he no could wait. Now if I no de feara ole massa come and play de



debil wid me for true ! I do like young massa Dicky, and make little julap for myself. (*mixes liquor, sugar, &c.*) Oh Africa, oh my poor moder ! when the cruel buckrah man bin steal us, she de most break she heart ! but she de happy now, she bin die on de passage wid grief and hunger ! but he no good for me for mourn now, he no de bring back my moder, nor fren, nor no taka me back Africa. Heigho ! bess for me for happy I can ; so now no massa bin here, I 'joy myself, and do de same like massa, on'y I no git drunk. (*sits down at the table, and is about to drink ; as DICK enters, he springs up and appears busily preparing the liquor.*)

Dick What, Harry ?

Har. Oh ! I de make um for you, massa.

Dick. You are a good boy, Harry ; give it me. (*drinks and sits down*) Make another, Harry—then fetch my coat and boots. I have no appetite to eat and writers, ancient and modern, agree it is necessary we should take some nourishment so I'll take mine in drink and beauty ; and since the somniferous deity refuses me his visits, I will pay my libations and adoration at the shrines of Bacchus and Venus—I learnt it all at college ! then to the coffee-house, for an hour or two, talk politics, and settle the affairs of the nation.

[Harry gives him the glass, and exits

enter mr. DASHAWAY, as he is drinking.

Dash. Oh you graceless ! at it again, the old story over—ten o'clock, just out of bed, and pouring down mint julap ! is this what I sent you to college for ? is it for this all our dissipated youth enter the edifices of learning and virtue, and read Cicero and

Zenophon? d——n it, you fashionable bucks of the day have imbibed all the vices peculiar to the other side of the atlantic, and created a thousand new ones, a thousand domestic ones. What do you think of your conduct, and state, sir, and of all other young profligates, and——

*Dick.* Politicians differ in their opinions, father, but at college——

*Dash.* D——n your politicians, opinions, and college; you are a thousand times worse than you were before ever you entered a college. A fashionable line of life you pursue, indeed! rise at ten, can't eat, but must drink half a dozen julaps and off to the coffee-house for an hour or till dinner; drink punch, and talk nonsense; after dining, comes the gaming table, till seven; next, in succession, are the worthless women with whom, and their bravoos you carouse, drink, and fight till three or four o'clock in the morning, or day light perhaps, when you reel home to bed; where you doze till ten o'clock comes again, and so finishes your diurnal revolution. Zounds! I'll——

*Dick* Stop father, you are through and a fine day's work you have made of it too: plenty of variety—but I learnt it all at college——

*Dash.* Hold your tongue, you puppy, and prepare to pay miss Marcene a visit directly. Dont think I have been all my life time pouring over my accounts of profit and loss, my bills of exchange, my three and four per cent. stock, my calculations how to shave notes to the best advantage and how to cheat my creditors without being detected, to gain a fortune to be squandered upon such a worthless, good——dont imagine I say that I have made a fortune. for——

*Dick.* I dont know what you made it for, dad, but I have an idea *how* you made it. (*significantly*)

*Dash.* Not a word ! not a word, or I'll knock you down ; but see that I am obeyed. [*exit*

*Dick.* Well I'll go it this time, to please you, dad.

*enter HARRY, with coat and boots.*

I am going a courting, Harry.

*Har.* Oh dat fine ting, massa, he better dan gam-el for true ! if man must play, he de bess play wid de lady, for dat de bess play I know.

*Dick.* That's very well, Harry. You play with the black girls sometimes, eh ! you rascal ?

*Har.* Oh, massa, me no de kiss and tell secret ob de fair sec !

*Dick.* Fair sex ! negro girls the fair sex ! you'll go it, Harry, never fear.

*Har.* On, massa, you de terrible young man for true—you bin de bery debil wid de gal ; dey often axa me how you do, and say you bin de man for dem : you no hab bashful like some younga buck-rah, you pull dere cap and hug 'em, so dey feel it tickle like all over, from de knee way long up to de head ; and, for true, I tink dey bin like sich man de bess, for dey like for be tumel bout. De lady no like for lover dat bin fraid to talk, but look sorry and feel seris and—but some gal say sich lover de bess ; love de mose, and make sich dear, kine loven husbin ; you can't tink how hard dey bin love !

*Dick.* Oh yes, they love very hard to be sure—these fellows are your d——d stupid sentimental lovers who, because a girl is pretty, has a round bosom, dark sparkling eyes and hair, lovely lips and arms, or a delicate little foot and ankle, and smiles

occasionally on you, (though she give ten frowns for a smile) conceive she must be in every thing delicate and fair as Hebe; sweeter than the perfumes and spices of Arabia; fall in love with her, though they have never spoken to her; whine, sigh and go mad, perhaps, if they gain not the approbation of the fair one as they term her. But what is more stupid, the simpletons are sincere and continue in love all their days.

*Har.* What a man he be! why dat what me like 'em for. (*aside*) You no do so massa Dicky—you know de time you bin tiefa de president college gal——

*Dick.* Not a sentence more you rogue, but follow me. [*exeunt*]

SCENE III—a drawing-room in Marcene's house:

*enter* MARCENE, DASHAWAY and CATCHPAY.

*Dash.* The business is concluded then, the bills of lading all made out, are they not, friend Catchpay?

*Catch.* Yes, sir, yes; all done but the two main points; paying my fee, which you know is always most conscientiously moderate, and tying the nuptial knot; which last is essential indeed as few couples, I believe, pass into the elysian bowers of love, through Hymen's sanctioned portals, who, if plenary revocation from the firm tie could be easily obtained, would live together longer than the honey-moon.

*Marc.* I fear my daughter will never consent to——

*Dash.* Dont think so, mr. Marcene, she won't

refuse my Dick I'll answer for it. If she does she's a devilish queer taste of her own, for my Dicky is as pretty a boy as you'll see perhaps; except a few election tricks, and some other accomplished scenes of dissipation, he's a confounded fine fellow. I got my fortune by cheating and lying, and it's cursed hard if I can't lie a little to help my son to a rich wife. (*aside*)

*Catch.* Dick's a rare morsel to be sure, and if old deceit should for once speak the truth he must say it's a pity there should ever be any more like him. (*aside*)

*Marc.* Yet I still think Augusta will for ever refuse your son, she is so in love with that young spendthrift Seldreer.

*Dash.* Zounds! if he talks of spendthrifts Dick's a lost boy, and the bids are all spurious. (*aside*) She must and shall have him! he's dying for her now—I say he is up to the chin in love, (brandy, I should say) and as to her part, this love is a strange and at best a damaged commodity; galloping with the velocity of a virginia courser to-day, and almost too feeble to walk to-morrow; twenty per cent. above par one day, and fifty below or not worth taking off your hands the next. Like our hot brained politicians, always hunting new objects and changing parties so often that if she dont love him now she may after marriage; and if she never does they won't fall out about it. My old woman and I never loved each other before or after matrimony; but we always lived happy enough, for there was no love lost between us (*aside*).

*Marc.* I am determined, and they shall be married this evening.

*Catch.* And I'll do the business for them. Yes, or any thing else for money ; for it is to thee, Mammon, I offer my orisons ; and without thy aid there's no life, no living these hard times. (*apart*)  
[*exeunt*]

*enter AUGUSTA and CHARLOTTE.*

*Char.* Cheer up, dear cousin, and be lively ; if I was going to be married, I would not look as you do, to please any body—I should be merry enough.

*Aug.* The subject you have just mentioned, is the cause of my unhappiness ; you know my dear Charlotte, I am about to be compelled to marry the man I can never love.

*Char.* Your situation is indeed unpleasant, but hope, hope, for happier times ; for moments of unclouded connubial felicity : who knows but your Seldreer, may, ere the fatal hour, rescue his dulcinea from the arms of her intended and place the silken chains of Hymen on his own more fortunate neck. Is'nt the idea delightful ?

*Aug.* This is no time for mirth, I am in constant fear of fresh injunctions from my father.

*enter mr. and mrs. MARCENE.*

*Mrs. Marc. (as entering)* I say again and again Augusta shall never have that sop, merely to please you, I am resolved ! you want to make the dear child cross as yourself, and miserable as you have made me, by marrying her to a worthless libertine whom she despises ; I was gentle and lovely as she is, till I was obliged to take you and have my temper soured and myself abused by mr Surly.

*Marc.* If you were ever gentle and lovely, my

dear, it was long before I had the misfortune to see you ; and if you were obliged to take me, it was because you could get nobody else, for you were near getting upon the honorable list of old maids ; and if I spoiled your temper, it was because I would not be nosed nor put my head under the petticoats. But Augusta shall have him, and they shall be married immediately. What do you think of it, miss ?

*Char.* Dear uncle, she——

*Marc.* I didn't speak to you, miss Readiness.

*Mrs. Marc.* I suppose I may be allowed to speak and to repeat what I have already said ; though mr. Seldreer may not be quite so rich as his rival, yet he is a handsome young gentleman and loves her ; which is much better in my opinion, and I believe the girls think so too.

*Marc.* Augusta prepare for your wedding, and a visit from your lover and intended husband !

*Char.* Will you make no effort to save yourself ? say you will never have Dashaway. I would lay the rules down to him.

*Aug.* My dear father, do not leave me, I entreat you, until you have recalled your dreadful commands ; if you do, my peace of mind is lost forever ! behold your only child, your Augusta, who loves you, suing for permission to remain with her parents and not to be forced to marry, where her happiness for life is concerned, a man whose principles she detests, despises !

*Marc.* Loose your hold, and remember what you have heard. [exit

*enter SELDREER and JACK.*

*Seld.* Your most obedient, ladies. (sees August-

ta, who stands bewildered and regardless of all that passes) What is the matter with my dear Augusta? speak, my love.

*Jack.* A shipmate in distress! it was my business to hoist a signal of friendship, but I see my captain is a-head of me; a damn'd keen fellow, always on the look out, I find, especially if there's a petticoat in the wind. (*aside*)

*Aug.* Oh speak not of love; we must be lovers no longer; but I am very happy to see you, and well I hope, only too much concern'd for me.

*Seld.* Does my dear Augusta suppose I can be unconcern'd? you say we must love no more; ere that hour I must cease to live! oh, Augusta, in the rich endowment of a woman's, of thy love, there is a pleasure, a something, which no human bliss can equal; and it is impossible for me to live without you—I know no happiness save what is centred in you;—must you, will you remain inexorable?

*Jack.* So, the gale blows in that quarter, does it! shiver my topsails but I pity him; he's right before the wind, sails all full, the pilot's brain almost turned.—woman, the rock of destruction, right ahead; and the worst of all gulfs—matrimony, hemmed around him. (*aside*)

*Char.* Heigho! I think I'll keep clear of such love scenes. Yes, I will never love a man, though I do a woman, for they are all false; so I have guarded my little heart and made it impregnable. (*aside*)

*Aug.* Dear Algernon, we must part—for to-night I am to be—a—a bride!

*Seld.* A bride! pray, madam——

*Mrs. Marc.* Such are her father's orders; and



to-night she is to accept the hand of the rich young fop, Dashaway.

*Seld. (recollecting)* Dashaway! from whence is his father, madam?

*Mrs. Marc.* From Boston.

*Seld.* His name, John?

*Mrs. Marc.* It is. Do you know him?

*Seld.* Too well! but for his injustice, his ill-gotten wealth would be, justly, mine; and Augusta and I no longer miserable. Where are they pray?

*Char.* Cousin Augusta can tell I suppose, for she is in momentary expectation of a visit from the young one I believe. (*ironically*)

*enter DICK DASHAWAY.*

*Dick.* Ladies, I have the inexpressible happiness to be your most obsequious very humble servant. But, who the devil have we here?

*Seld.* A gentleman sir, thence I judge no friend of yours. Are you answered, sir?

*Dick.* Oh yes, sir: (*aside*) a damn'd short comical answer however; I have a poor opinion of it, but it will only make bad worse if I resent it for he'll be showing me some of his damn'd yankee spirit. I suppose he learnt it all at college.

*Jack.* A worthless land lubber; I wish I had the reefing of him, I'd square his head yards. (*aside*)

*Dick.* How fares my adorable enchantress the divine Augusta, and little Charlotte here?

*Char.* Neither of us the happier for your presence, sir.

*Dick.* Another mouthful—I shan't be able to go it; it pours down like hail-stones from all quarters and the fairest skies possess the most exhalations—but what are not petticoats a veil for? however,

I must make love to Augusta. (*aside*) Are we to be married soon, deary? for so it is whispered by the tongues of old maids and other oracles of scandal.

*Seld.* Such reports are indeed scandal. I weep at the debasement of human nature; that accursed avarice should hold in durance all the noble feelings of the heart, and league the gentle lovely dove with the rapacious vulture or the foolish daw!

*Aug.* You have forced me to a candid explanation, sir, and I now finally tell you, I cannot love you and will never voluntarily become your wife.

*Marc.* Well said, 'Gusta, that you shall not; so you may march and tell the old fellow quick as you please!

*Dick.* Oh very well, ladies, very well!—I suppose I am rejected for that fellow—but I'll be revenged!

*Seld.* On whom, sir?

*Dick.* I don't answer impertinent interrogatories.

*Seld.* You must answer me sir, or——

*Dick.* Why, look ye sir, this is something like what we dashing young politicians call insult, and I can't go it, so you will please to meet me to-morrow morning at six (no, that's too early, I can't break my rest nor disappoint my wife that is to be) nine o'clock; if I am married I dare say I shall be happy to rise by that time, especially as it is to oblige a friend; so I shall expect you at that hour on the green above the town, with your friend and pistols; and I'll just do you the favor of showing you how we perform these operations at college.

[*exit*]

*Seld.* I will not fail you, sir.

*Jack.* A fair wind, and the devil pilot you.

*Aug.* Ah, do not say so, my love, the consequence I fear will——

*Seld.* Fear not, sweet love, all will be well.

*Marc.* (*without*) I'll wait on you directly.

*Aug.* My father! and coming here; you must leave us instantly, he will be more exasperated than ever.

*Seld.* I go—but hope soon to return. Farewell, my love, ere long we meet again and heaven grant to part no more.

*Jack.* So, we've weigh'd anchor; but with a heavy freight and heart broken seamen we make sail, leaving the weather beaten and distressed convoy a-stern, in a rough sea, surrounded by sand banks and shoals, with no pilots save innocence and beauty: the most lovely but most fatal passports when unprotected by superior force against their common pirate, man! that ride upon the high sea of the world. [*exeunt Seldreer and Jack*

*enter MARCENE.*

*Marc.* Was not that Seldreer? repair to your rooms, while I close the doors and give orders that madman be not again admitted into this house.

[*exit ladies*]  
These girls are troublesome creatures, never easy without a lover, and to avoid accident the sooner they are well married the better. It will require all my vigilance I find, to prevent this persevering yankee's robbing my daughter of my friend Dashaway's fortune, and making her a beggar like himself. Curse the fellow! he has the impudence of a highwayman's horse. [*exeunt*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

## A C T II.

SCENE I—*miss Lightlove's house.**enter miss LIGHTLOVE.*

*Miss Light.* Seldreer, then, after all my flattering expectations, is never to be mine because forsooth he is enamored of that silly young girl miss Marcene. But I will teach him that as I love almost to madness, I dare do any thing for revenge ! though it even conduct me to the door of my own destruction ; he shall find I have power, if not charms great as the love-sick Augusta. I feel that hideous demon, the jealousy of woman, rage within me ; the malice of my sex urges me on and I will soar to any height for satisfaction. I could sometimes partake of his leisure hours previous to his acquaintance with Augusta ; ere that he boarded with me, and my hospitable mansion should have been ever free of access to him ; he was considered the nearest and dearest of my friends, the man on whom my fond doating heart had fixed her choice ; but since Augusta has become his favorite, he has taken other lodgings and I see him but by chance. But I will terminate all intercourse between these romantic lovers ; undermine and raze by the root all that endears him to her, and thus annihilate in embryo their amour. I will see Augusta, utter falsehoods, tell her Seldreer is the most perfidious of villains ! make her aversion to him strong as her ardent love and her gentle nature, which venerates and glows with ecstasy of joy and hope at the

sweet sound of his name, recoil with horror at the very mention and idea of him. Yet hold—will this love sick doll, this whining school miss, this foolish sentimental girl, this second Echo credit my shadowy assertions? must I not bring her proof? for she has long known me, and my character for veracity and prudence is but slightly gilded. I have it—a false marriage contract; Catchpay is the man that will serve me on any occasion of fraud.

*enter DICK and CATCHPAY.*

*Dick.* Damn me, but I am just ripe for a frolic; the billiard table, faro bank, girls, or an election scrape; I'll go it; I'm in sailing trim for any thing! How d'ye do dear Lightlove? an't seen you this age, I protest. At sight of thee all else is banished memory; my tongue falters, and the creation of new ideas becomes necessary to compliment the superlative splendor of your superabundant external and internal charms.

*Catch.* Indeed Dick, miss Lightlove is always charming. How cheap I'd deal out justice to her if she had a cause before me. Alas! I love her, and despair. Dick is a dangerous rival; always attracts her attention, and will talk more of the tender passion to her in ten minutes, with that cursed impudent brazen tongue of his, than I have dared to utter during the whole time I have been an inmate of her house. It's ever so with true love; much as we wish it, we still fear and dread to urge a suit to the cold and unwilling fair one who frowns on our presence and lends the ears where her heart will not listen. Though I

dont know if I could reconcile my conscience to get the better of the love of Mammon for the more savory flesh of man's far better half, but I should venture to tender my services to her ladyship as a husband distant as she appears ; but self preservation is the first law of nature, and my profession teaches me to love money most of all things ; for that will purchase a wife when love won't, and bread when a wife would starve you. (*aside*)

*Miss Light.* (*to Dick*) You are merry sir ; I feel the reverse.

*Dick.* What the devil reverses you ? no duel on hand, my little Venus ? if you have, I am your man ; I'll go it !

*Miss Light.* I want revenge !

*Dick* The very thing I am in pursuit of, there's my second, but I'll explain the whole affair. (*they talk apart*)

*Catch.* I know him ; he won't fight, unless you give him virginia play ; our metal is too well known in the town to require further proof ; besides, I have a damned bad idea of this blood spilling business ; it's a poor suit at best, and seldom gains a man's cause, and the attornies universally come off better than the parties ; the seconds too are sometimes compelled to stand in the shoes of the principals, which I fear would be my case with my friend Dick ; and I am willing to think Tom Catchpay, the celebrated Charleston notary. was neither made to shoot nor to be shot. Our forefathers used to sacrifice their bull calves and lambs of the same sex, and indeed some of them their own speices, to their heathen deities ; but modern refinement and etiquette enjoins us to

settle private quarrels by shedding each other's blood to appease the angry spirit of the devil that rages within us.

*Dick.* This way my dear friend. Sit down and write a contract of marriage between Algernon Seldreer and Mary Lightlove.

*Catch.* Eh! what the devil——

*Dick.* All shall be explained by and by: no words now, but go it, go it. (*Catchpay writes and gives the paper to Dick, who having signed presents it to the lady*) You'll see her to-night?

*Miss Light.* I will

*Dick.* Heaven grant you succeed and frustrate this duel; for if Seldreer fights as he appears to love, it will be too hard for me, and I shall be obliged to show him how we run when we dont fight at college.

*Catch.* So, all from pure motives of friendship I suppose, they are going to murder the lovers or render them some other service to part them and be revenged. A cursed bad business too, it dont come directly under the duties of my office; I should not mind that but it's so apt to introduce its authors and abettors to hempen neck cloths, that hang me if I can relish it. (*aside*)

*Dick.* As it's too early to go a courting, what do you say for a game at billiards, my old boy? will you go it?

*Catch.* Oh scandalous, Dick! consider I am a justice of the——

*Dick.* Ha, ha, ha! come along, old stiff shoes. I learnt it all at college! farewell, dear Lightlove, and lest you should fail in the event of disgracing

Seldreer, damn me but we'll employ some bravo to dash his brains out as he turns a dark corner. I learnt it all college ! [*exeunt Dick and Catchpay*

*Miss Light.* Paltry puppies ! they dare not hurt him, and I will take care they do not : to see him die would break my heart : I still love and hope to make him mine by damning his character ; his death would frustrate my designs and not revenge me. Be calm my fluttering heart, be deaf and callous to humanity as woman's vengeance to pity. I despise the base wretches who just left me, but will make them instruments of my purpose ; and if my plots are discovered, they shall be brought forward with me to suffer the punishment their petty souls deserve. [*exit*

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SCENE II—Seldreer's apartment.

SELDREER *discovered.*

*Seld.* Time glides swiftly by ; though anxiety, approaching almost to desparation, accompanies it. The pregnant hour of my fate is near ; my Augusta is soon to fix my destiny by triumphing over the harsh mandates of her despotic father, or by wedding another ! if the event should prove the former successful, to-morrow I shall fear to hazard the life that she would have devoted to her love ; but if, in the sequel, I find the latter has taken place, one kind look, one parting kiss of celestial bliss from her roseate lips and I shall not hesitate to die. Who waits ?

*enter JACK.*

If mr. Portrain calls. show him up.



*Jack.* Shiver me, but I will, he's a friend and deserves convoy. [*exeunt*]

*Seld.* He is a noble youth, and the best friend I have in this part of the country ; he has liberally supplied my empty pockets, though ignorant of myself and family ; save from the common trumpeter, report, which sounds freely though but seldom truly.

*enter JONATHAN.*

*Jona.* Bayn't you mr. Sell-dear, 'f I may be so hold ?

*Seld.* I am mr. Seldreer.

*Jona.* It beats all nater ! I told our capun how I should know um agin for all I never seed um on'y this mornen tewe. (*aside*) Well, sir, our capun, mr. Horner, sends word by his man Jonathan, that's I at your sarvice, tewe let you know 'e's well at this here present time and hopes you are in the same addition ; and says 'e wishes tewe let you know how you can have as much money on um now as you want, and that you and miss, what d'ye call her ? shall have the best birth in all the ole Peggy, for privacy and 'venience, 'f she, kind soul, on'y descends tewe run away with her yankee lovyer and you'll take passage long 'f us. That's all on't.

*Seld.* Thank you, Jonathan ; I am obliged to captain Horner, and will see him soon.

*Jona.* Thank you Jonathan ! well said, by gum ! it beets all nater on'y tewe see how civil some folks is arter a body's put umself tewe the trouble 'f doen um a favor for nothen, never fetch me ! it's nation strange though ; it's the fust civil word

I have hearne spoke tewe me since I left Boston, by gum ! but 'e's a gentleman yankee, that's the reason on't, I spose my lads. Huzza ! bunker hill forever tewe the enemies of Columby, and the sweet kisses of her pretty gals tewe her galyant sons. *(aside and exit)*

*enter mr. PORTRAIN and JACK.*

*Port.* Good day, my friend ! still melancholy, while I am gay and happy : but you are in love.

*Seld.* Pray sir, be seated. I have important business for you, you must be my second in——

*Jack.* You are a stern of the lighter there, sir ; for I told mr. Portrain all about the danger as every honest tar should his shipmate, as we came up channel, that he might be on the look out.

*Seld.* You are too—but leave the room.

*Jack.* I always obey my commander as long as he points with the needle of rectitude, so I'll go and keep a look out a-head for privateers and breakers. *[exit]*

*Port.* If it must be so I will accompany you : but what says the charming Augusta ?

*Seld.* Alas ! my sweet girl dreads and anticipates the result ; her anxious fears, the lover's trembling apprehensions already present me to her giddy fancy weltering in my blood. I wish you to see her from me, to whom admittance is denied ; her father having gained intelligence of my visit this morning. Say I would conjure her to delay her marriage for a day or two, then fly with me if, I survive the duel, to the eastward to my friends who will be hers and receive us with open arms. This is our only resource, and

I am sure her mother will consent to it ; and this night I must see her if she avoids the fatal marriage, if not I have lived long enough.

*Port.* The project is a wild one, but you shall have my aid.

*Seld.* Yet ere you proceed further in my behalf, I have a communication to make which your friendship and delicacy have not permitted you to ask. The circumstances of my family, and why I have not ere this returned home.

*Port.* If it is your pleasure, I am attentive to the relation.

*Seld.* My father formerly a merchant of Boston, from whence this old Dashaway came, had been his endorser to a large amount ; he fraudulently failed and fled hither leaving my father to discharge his notes, which so embarrassed him that he left trade and retired to the country. I had from a boy been inclined to travel ; this unfortunate occurrence in my father's pecuniary affairs, rendered it inconvenient for him to defray my expences immediately as he wished. I was impatient, borrowed a considerable sum of a friend, and clandestinely left home. I spent several weeks in each of the most pleasant towns in my route between this city and my native place, and arrived here in about a year after my departure ; my purse reduced, and destitute of the means of replenishing it. Letter after letter have I received from my honored parents, containing warmest protestations of parental affection and strongest solicitations for my return—but I have seen the lovely, captivating, Augusta ; mild as the gentle May of the genial climate she inhabits, and have sworn never to leave her. The rest you know ;

fickle fortune, in this one instance kind, casually introduced me to you. But tis time you should see Augusta.

*Port.* I go—to make you both happy, if it be in a friend's power.

*Seld.* See that you guard your heart well, for you have not seen her fair, lively, little cousin, Charlotte Giddy but just arrived from the country.

*Port.* Fear not, all is fortified !

[*exeunt severally*]

SCENE III—Dashaway's house.

*enter DICK and CATCHPAY ; the former quite inebriated and much disfigured in dress.*

*Dick.* Damn that fellow and his bil—billiards too, he be—behaved cursed ungen—gentle, and I had like to have got well flogged. But we are clear of the du—duel, and a lucky hit for—for us ; they say he's a damned cour—courageous fellow ; fights I suppose as he loves—like a madman. His fri—friend, young Pe—Port and rain ass—ists him upon ail hon—honorable occasions, so if Li—Lightlove's project fails, and we dont meet them, they will no do—doubt trouble themselves to me—meet and ca—cane us ; and we shall be fo—forced to go it.

*Catch.* Oh my poor hide ! oh, that a justice should live to see his own hide tanned ; how shall I protect it ?

*enter mr. DASHAWAY.*

*Dash.* (*as entering*) So miss Augusta has re-

fused my Dicky ; but she shall repent it. I have bought a note against his dog of a rival, and will send him to prison directly. I ruined his father, and it's damned hard if I can't the son. In the mean time Dicky shall marry the girl—her crabbed old father is determined on it.

*Catch.* Mr. Portrain will rescue his friend.

*Dash.* He shall know nothing of it, at least for a day or two, in which time, (*sees Dick*) if that drunken, graceless, puppy is not married we may devise other means of securing him or cut his throat.

*Dick.* Thank you, fa—father, but you need not trouble yourself, I have go—got a wife already.

*Dash.* You got a wife ?

*Dick.* Yes, I—I am married to what all our young—young men are in love with and what I have cour—courted ever since I went to college ; good li—liquor ! you see I—I am full of her at first, as all bri—bridegrooms are during the ho—honey-moon, though I fancy I—I'll show them a good ex---example, by keeping up my ho---honey-moon all the year. Harry ! Harry !

*enter HARRY.*

Go—go down to the election club, and tell them I can't go it ; can't come to-night ; I am going to bed to your mistress. (*reels*)

*Har.* He, he, he ! me no de hab missey ; massa Dicky she de you missy.

*Dick.* Who is my mis—mistress, you dog ?

*Har.* Why, good a mint julap and ole wine, massa.

*Dick.* Be off you—— [*exit Harry laughing*]

*Dash.* Oh the——but what think you of the note ? won't it do the business for him ?

*Catch.* A very good plan, sir, a damn'd deal better than fighting ; there's some law in it too, though there's no justice—my business exactly (*aside*).

*Dash.* Come, we must to business ; but first, promise me, whatever may happen, you won't fight you graceless——

*Dick.* Won't you ju—just let me show him what I learnt at college ?

*Dash.* Not a word, scoundrel ! but the promise.

*Dick.* If you in—insist, dad——

*Catch.* Oh there's no danger, sir, I'll answer for it ; I am a magistrate and must see the peace is kept.

*Dick.* Very true, but father had best let me show him a li—little of my col—col——

*Dash.* I'll college you, puppy ! you will not be sober enough for matrimony to-night.

*Dick.* Sober enough for mat—matri—mony ! then I shall be drunk enough, and ho---hope you dont think any man would en---engage in it while so---sober. [*exeunt mr. Dashaway and Catchpay*]

*Dick.* Though he never went to college, fa---father is certainly a great pol---politician, the world however has not discovered it, yet he'll gain his e---election—for I am no soo—sooner out of one damn'd scrape, than saluted with another ; no sooner cle—clear of the du—duel, than plunged into an infin—finitely greater evil—wedlock's cha—chains for life. Harry !

*enter HARRY.*

*Har.* You de call, massa ?

*Dick.* Get me some wine and the ja—jack.

*Har.* Oh, massa ! oh, buckrah man, dis de way you bin killa you sef. [*exit*]

*Dick.* Curse that fellow, he—he—had like to have wrung my nose off, and had the impu—pu—dence to endeavor to spoil my beau—beautiful eyes; but thanks to beauty, he felt compassion for the la—ladies. (*sits down*) I won't go these frolics any longer; not so fast though, I must not be unlike the young men of the——no, I'll go it; so, "conscience, avaunt! Dick's himself again!"—I learnt it all at college. I—I must drink grog—ta—talk pol—politics, play bil—billiards, sport with the girls, pull their caps, get drunk and fight at elec—lection or be laughed at.

*enter HARRY with tea-board, decanter of wine, and boot-jack.*

Must continue my old college habits. (*drinks and draws his boots*) Can't (*reels and pushes the chair over*) go—go it much longer I find though, so av—avaunt Bacchus and Venus, and take me to thy arms, eh Som—Somnus.

(*Harry opens chamber door and Dick reels in*)

*Har.* Heigho! what wicked worl dis white man worl be for true do! no like de negur country; no do sich ting dere? no hab rum for git drunk and fight. I wish I neber bin blige for lef it. I bin happy dere, wid fader, moder, and frien; no de hab massa for scole, no lan bad ting and hear him ebery day so much. Now see de young buckrah man, git drunk, losa all he money, fight and stay out mose all de night, den come home and sleep half de day long. But what hurt me mose, some marry white man do same ting: he great deal wose den, for he make dear wife and fam'ly unhappy too. He come

home drunk and cross in de night, waka all de house top'y-turvy, scole he dear wife and chillen, and beata all poor black folk come in he way. Oh dis bad, bad ting! me no bear tink on him (*affected*) But why me de no happy? he bess be happy I can, now I here poor slave and no can git backa my country gin. So, now massa Dicky de gone drunk a bed and leava de wine here, I set up chair and sot myself down happy like he, and drink my glass like gen'man. (*drinks*) He bery good for true! but I no git drunk on he like massa Dicky, so I go bout my biss', for ole massa come catcha me here, he mad like fire! and tumpa me for true! like de bery devil he sef. [*exit*]

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SCENE IV—*Broad-street.*

*enter* JONATHAN.

*Jona.* I wonder where in the nation our capun's got tewe; I never seed the like on't in all my born days, it beets the very rot! the pork and cabbage has ben done nough tewe take out the coppers these here three long hours, and I kaynt find nothen on um. Here I am slick nough, and where tewe go next be cust'f I know. This must be Broad-street, and broad nough tis tewe, by gum! I've ben walken up it this good fifteen minutes, and darn'd'f I've got a crost it yit. I must keep tewe eyes bout me, or I shall be iotewe King-street, and the black barded jews'll shave the hair off my teeth. Folks says they're keener than yankees for all they aynt hafe the wit; yit a poor lubberly country cracker, stands no more chance with um, 'thout he's a brother Jonathan, than a leetle Tomy cat in hell 'thout claws, or a fly skippen bout in a hot



glew pot. This here Charleston's sich a rotten hot place there's no liven in't ; then there's sich a tarnation sight 'f negurs black as the ole feller umself, a body kaynt stir but they has um at their nose or their heels. It beets all nater ! never fetch me, 'f I dont wish I was t' hum agin with all my heart, long side father's hog pen in Suffield, eaten mush and milk. Here comes that feller of a sailor agin, what stole our capun's notions. It beets all nater ! but I'll show um I can be spunky about it, I'll warn'd um ! I'll let um see what sort a stuff brother Jonathan, the Suffield yan kee boy's made on ; darn'd 'f I dont though ! (*struts about*) 'f I on'y had a torpedo I'd blow um up man a war fashion—oh for a torpedo !

*enter JACK, a bottle in his hand and drinking.*

*Jack.* Steady, mind the weather helm.

*Jona.* Never fetch me, but 'e dont see me, so I'll smoke um ; tarnation seize me, but I'll cabbage his bottle. No, i'll bring um on his beam eands. (*clenches his fist and advances*) No, that won't dewe nuther by gum, Jonathan ! the yankees 'spise tew take 'vantage over a weak friend when 'e 'spects nothen and aynt fixed for't by gum ! (*Jack who has by this time got near Jonathan, on hearing the latter part of his sentence, turns suddenly, jostles against, pushes him down and falls upon him*)

*Jack.* (*as falling*) Avast ! haul taught and belay you land lubber, or I am after dousing your false colors and squaring your yards for you my boy. (*rises*) Shiver my topsails and chain plates, but it's brother Jonathan, the notion man, on his beam ends. Give me your fist till I give

you a hoist my lad ! or shall I put a torpedo under you ? *(raises Jonathan)*

*Jona.* Dont you call me brother Jonathan, the notion man ! *(in rage)* I am no notion man, mor'n the devil's a notion man ! it beets the very rot and all nater ! o'ny tewe see how some folks loves tewe drink grog. I swow I blieve I am raked fore and aft, from stem tewe starn. *(rubbing himself, and walking lame which continues through the scene)*

*Jack.* Hoot my lad ! never put yourself in a passion about trifles, or I'll pall your capstan with a broadside. Keep cool and easy brother Jonathan, like a ship after she's gone down to Davy Jones' locker, and I'll slush down your wounds for you, as well as if you were stowed away in the cock pit with half a dozen lazy surgeons, with a little of this here julap : or hadn't you better send it down into the hold ? your last sentiments and this here douse of ours deserve a toast and a drink, so lay hold my boy.

*Jona.* I wish the old dragon had toasted you 'fore you giv'd me this here farnal fall, you clumsy houn. It beets all nater ! only tewe see the impuduns, and the conde'nsion some folks has, by gum ! *(aside)* I am in sich nation pain I kaynt drink any, but here goes for the toast. May Columby's navy never have any Hum-fly officers, nor any other flies that will disgrace it by 'sulten and murderen his friend and brothers, when's I, said afore, 'e dont 'spect nothen. The heroes of Libi and Trip'li, never'll dewe it by it by gum ! *(drink's all the liquor)*

*Jack.* Well done brother Jonathan, well said

my blue skin presbyterian Eaton and Decatur forever ! and the Philadelph'a's fate all the world over, to every vessel that dares impress our ship-mates, or molest our free commerce, of whatsoever nation my harties ! pass the grog brother blue skin. (*takes the bottle, and begins to appear inebriated which continues to increase*) My eyes, but you forgot to pall the ca—capstan till you had ho—hove the cable all out. There's nothing in her—but leave a yankee a lo—lone for shaving, he'll shave a barber himself, though he never took a—a man by the nose in all his li—life.

*Jona.* It beets all nater ! I spose the tarnation hole, like a good many others, is so rotten big I couldn't fill it 'thout letten it all run out 'fore I knew I had it in. It was nation good by gum ! I'd like a lettle more on't. (*aside*)

*Jack.* Well then !—I must give you my toast upon the strength of it, and baptize it when I get something more to go upon. So to the devil we kick all non—non—importa—tation acts, dry-docks, gun boats, and Carter's mountain, and protect ourselves like men, by fortifying our har—harbors and building seventy fours and frigates to keep a look-out ahead for enemies and foul weather, my boys ! (*appears to drink*)

*Jona.* (*laughing and clapping his hands*) I smoked um this time, by gum !

*Jack.* Shiver me, but it comes so nat—natural to take a pull at the grog halyards, I forgot the anchor was down and the cable all run out. I say, what are you a—aboard ship ?

*Jona.* I and capun Horner sails in a scheuner. Plague on this farnel hip

*Jack.* Ah! you landlubber, you'd puzzle a philadelphia lawyer. What ca—capacity are you in?

*Jona.* Oh, I spose 'e means what commission I holds. It beets the very rot and all nater! tewe see how ignorant some folks is for all! (*aside*) Why sometimes I acts cook, steward, cabin boy, sailor, mate, and bottle washer, for matter 'f that, for there's on'y four on us aboard on her; I and the Prentuss, and cousin Bill, and capun Horner; so when 'e's ashore I plays the skipper. I'll ax you a question 'f I may be so bold?

*Jack.* Aye, out with it by—by—the run.

*Jona.* You aynt seen nothen 'f our capun about the town this here arternoon, is you?

*Jack.* He's safe under hatches; so you may round to and put off aboard again with your ugly carcase. My commander fell in with him awhile ago and—and towed him into his cabin to dinner.

*Jona.* I spose I may's well go aboard then for sartan for eli be tarnation mad 'f 'e finds out I on y ben ashore a while, and kick up hell and leetle Tomy. It beets the very rot and all nater! huzza! bunker hill and the yankee boys for ever! (*steps off quick*) The nation take this rotten hip though, I swow I'm afear'd I shan't git the better on't this many a long day; darn me but its wus'n the rot! I wish I had some mush and milk [*exit limping*]

*Jack.* Ah, the green horn! but I wish I had time to go—go aboard and try some more of his notions. Damn me, but I have got a heavy swell and no wind, for I am ha—ha—hard a star-

board and hard a port every half minute, I can't keep my helm a-mid-ships. I—I believe I—oh yes, I am in glory; I am too thirds over the bay, (*reels*) and in—in a fair way to—to be quite over soon; or as your land lub—lubbers and barbers' clerks say, I'm glo—gloriously drunk, and my cargo of liquor is all taken in. Huzza my lads! Col—Columb'a forever! noth—nothing foreign but plenty of good New-England and Boston partic—ticular. Oh there's nothing like it, noth—nothing like glory. My eyes, but I have got a terri—rrible mutiny betwixt decks and the lan-yards of my jaws are all sla—slack, and I am afraid, (*hick ups*) I shall get the hick—hick—ups, I have been so long in the wind without eating and drinking. But there's nothing like it; so, till my country ge—gets all ready for sending me another cru—cruise, to Davy's locker I pi—pitch old father Neptune, and da—dady Mars I dont care a fig for—I'll ki—kick him out at one of the port holes and leave him astern to rest himself and cool his war—warlike 'pet'osity in the back ground. Then—aye—then to be sure I'll heave up and set sail for the po—port of miss Ve—Venus, I think they call her. Oh, yes, she's the kindest, sweetest little godship of all their worships and I'll fi—fight under her ban—banners as long as there's priming in the pan, and I am able to take a turn, at the helm. When I am no longer fit for her ladyship's bus—bus—siness—why she'll give me a hoist with her godships stern chasers and away aft I go; then there'll be two of us astern of the lighter. There's nothing like having a—a friend to con—

condole with after a warm engagement, specially when it's a de—defeat But shall I stay with old dady Mars, or bear away in search of brother Comfort? shiver me, but I'll lay my course for point Comfort in the field of jolly old Bac—Bacchus—I'll take in a cargo of Boston par—par—ticular, and when the gale rages so I can carry sail no longer, I'll jump overboard and like the gal—gallant *Somers* and all true heart—hearted yankee tars, when disabled from fighting and carrying sail any longer, gi—give three che—cheers and sink to the bottom with my colors flying and all my spirits about me.

*(reels off singing.)*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

### A C T III.

SCENE—Marcene's house.

*enter* AUGUSTA and CHARLOTTE—PHILLIS attending.

*Char.* Be composed, dear cousin.

*Augus.* Oh Charlotte, that can never be until mr. Seldreer is mine. Take a retrospect of my situation; my intended father-in-law has just informed mine, that his son is too ill to wed to-night. What is his complaint? intoxication! and I must be forced from the arms of the worthiest youth to those of the vilest, who thinks so little of me and the sacred rites of marriage, as to become completely inebriated the hour he was to have solemnized his

nuptials. He too that is to be my husband will on his wedding day perhaps, kill the man I love. How shall I act? how support this complicated load of evil? Alas! my dear cousin, you know not yet the writhing agonies of the lover's harassed mind; the tender concern, the restless anxiety, the unspeakable misery that form the very pulse and life of the heart when barbarously separated from it's adored; severed perhaps for ever! and compelled wholly to resign those pledges and joys, to lovers only grateful, whom the darling urchin Cupid has inspired with mutual tenderness and love.

*Char.* If a heart overflowing with friendly sympathy could relieve your bosom's sorrows, you should no longer feel them.

*Augus.* It is then to be indeed wretched! when compelled to join our hands where the hearts have no compact, turning the limpid stream of joyous love into the turbid stagnant pool of domestic misery. I dare not view my situation, yet it is ever in the perspective of mine eyes. Oh Algernon, must I indeed never be thine?

*Char.* I pity you from my heart and will profit by your unhappy example; for if this is the pleasure of love, I hope to forego it.

*enter mr. PORTRAIN.*

*Port.* Your most obedient, ladies.

*Augus.* Shall I introduce you to my cousin?—  
*Charlotte, mr. Portrain.*

*Port.* My friend perhaps, did well to caution me.

*Char.* Pray sir, tell my cousin how and where her dear friend is, I am sure she is anxious to know.—  
He's a pretty fellow—but what of that? (*aside*)

*Port.* Mr. Seldreer is well—but I have something particular to say to you, miss Marcene. With your permission, miss. (*to Charlotte, and they retire up stage*)

*Char.* Heigho! I feel very singular; what can be the matter? I declare I can't tell; I thought I would never love a man, at least I believe I said so, but I fear I have been deceived all this time, for I am very certain I never felt just as I do now about here before. (*laying her hand on her bosom*) Oh heart, heart, you are a mutable little thing, and not altogether insensible to youth, beauty and merit—when mr. Portrain is present. But I—I believe I am talking like a lover, though I am pretty sure I am not in love yet. Oh fie! that should never be told: though the gentlemen often fall in love at first sight, yet it will not do for us—however we must not acknowledge it.

*enter JACK, abruptly.*

*Jack.* Damn me I'm driving away at the rate of twelve knots. I beg your delicate little ladyship's pardon, but I hoped as how my master's young friend was here, d'ye see. (*Portrain and Augusta come forward*) Sir, my master's brought to by that pirate old Dashaway, who always sails under false colors covered with the mask of friendship; he has sued my commander and they are towing him to the stone jug; being to the leeward I got wind of it, luft and bore up in search of you.

*Port.* I fly to his relief. Remember miss Augusta, he sees you to-night. To call her an angel or attempt to express what I feel, would only be to repeat fashionable sayings. (*aside and looking towards Charlotte*)



*Augus.* It must and shall be so ; but haste, haste.

[*exit* Portrain

Phillis you must keep a sharp eye at the door, and if mr. Seldreer comes, see you conduct him hither unobserved ; be all attention to my wishes.

*Phil.* No feara me missy. Me no know what dey bin call de attention, but me know two or tree love trick, and can keepa love secret wid any body.

(*aside*)

*Char.* Oh, he's a dear sweet fellow ! and I have a mind to fall in love, if it's only to be like the men, and unlike the ladies.

[*exeunt all but Jack*

*Jack.* More love affairs in the wind, if I am not out of my reckoning ; and the gale I think has already pierced the heart of that sweet dear little vessel, and I venture to say that the officer whose good fortune it may be to get command of her will have as snug a little privateer in his service as ever mounted guns or hoisted the eagle and stripes at her mizen-peak. But ah ! what the devil have we here ? an enemy under false colors perhaps ; so I'll down helm, heave to, and keep a look out. Faith I believe it's a petticoat, for there's something like a veil. I think they call it, flying at mast head—a letter of marque perhaps. Where shall I find a harbor ? her courses are trim, and she looms like a privateer, so I'll bring to aside here, and see all clear for action. Though it's not very natural to be frightened at nor run away from the dear creatures, at least till after marriage, nor the sailor's motto to fly from danger, yet in these critical times, it shows no more than good seamanship before I ship or engage, to know something of her bottom.

*enter miss LIGHTLOVE.*

*Miss Light.* The door open and nobody within. (*rings and PHILLIS enters*) Tell your mistress I wish to see her.

*Phil. (aside)* He de miss Lightlove—I wonder what he de want ; I sure miss 'Gusta no hab any ting to do wid sich folk ; she de know um too well.

[*exit*

*Miss Light.* How fantastic is our sex ; though unwilling to confess it, women most justly merit the odiums of fickleness and frailty. But where is Augusta ? she dreams not of the fiend she is about to see and hear ; the destroyer of her happiness, and the pointed shaft that shall deeply root the venom of misery in her tender heart—her rival, and this false matrimonial contract. This shall draw the rosy hue from her cheeks, make her soft bosom sigh, her tongue falter, and turn her brain to madness ! I have sworn to blast their airy phantoms of happiness, and make my false fabrications of envy and revenge, turn her pure innoxious breast from her lover, though now his most enthusiastic admirer, with horror and disgust.—Should I fail and lose all hope of ever calling him mine, I must still be revenged ; and as a last alternative permit those villains in iniquity, Catchpay and young Dashaway, to carry their plan into execution, who have sworn to take his life. (*walks up the room*)

*Jack.* 'Have sworn to take his life !' this is sufficient. Hell ! hell ! thou art woman ! but I'll soon be in your ladyship's wake again ; I'll give you chase and bring you up with a round turn ; I'll

haul down your false colors, though you sail under petticoats, yet an honest sailor loves them so well he'll always lend a hand to keep the innocent above decks, though the halyards of the guilty give way and come down in the action. *[exit*

*enter* AUGUSTA and CHARLOTTE.

*Augus. (as entering)* It is near the time Mr. Seldreer appointed to be here.

*Char.* I hope his friend will accompany him. *(aside)*

*Augus.* What's that, cousin? "I hope his friend will accompany him." So, the fortress of that little heart is not made of marble, not altogether impregnable. I thought it would make an honorable capitulation after a long siege and much distress; but I didn't think you would voluntarily resign it ere there had been a single struggle on either part. Hadn't you better keep this love affair to yourself? at least till your Adonis makes his professions.

*Char. (confused)* What shall I say?

*(miss Lightlove comes forward)*

*Augus.* Your commands with me, madam?

*Miss Light.* Pardon my abrupt intrusion, dear Augusta, and prepare to hear the warnings of a friend.

*Augus.* What do you mean?

*Miss Light.* You love a worthless, faithless villain! a——

*Augus.* Hold! thou——

*Miss Light.* Nay, nay, hear me. You think you are beloved of him—vain idea! it is your

fortune he prizes ; your person he loves not but for the wealth it may inherit. He is an exile, driven by villainy, dissipation and folly from his native place whither he dare not return, and——

*Augus.* Tis not true ! it cannot be so.

*Miss Light.* To you, and another of my dearest friends he has promised marriage at the time he was most solemnly engaged to me, by oath and even by contract ! I will present you with the proofs, and tell you of his other enormous crimes, his forgeries, his vile seductions and——

*Char.* (to Augusta) This may be true ; let us see the proof.

*Augus.* Ay, the proof, the proof ! (*Lightlove gives the contract to Augusta, which having hastily perused, she sinks into a chair*)

*Miss Light.* It works ! and shall be more fatal to these lovers ears than Hecate's bane or any deadly poison of old that took life at one dread stroke—I, more refined in the luxurious banquet of revenge, take happiness ! leaving the then paltry gem so much prized, termed life, to linger years of misery upon the drooping stalk. Work on revenge, and leave not thy aim unaccomplished, for thou art sweet as the balm of love.

*Char.* (*having read the contract*) There is no truth in lover's vows !

*Miss Light.* Indeed there is not. I know the duplicity of the other sex ; they make their protestations of adoration to our enraptured, listening ears, swear constancy and love—gain our confidence, our hearts, and basely leave us in golden visions of felicity, to awake to wretchedness and mis-

ery. We were made to win their hearts, yet over ours they basely, tyrannically, triumph.

*Augus. (recovering and rising)* Oh man, man ! you have almost broken my confiding heart. This is the highest summit of misery, and ere long the irrevocable decree of unrelenting fate will plunge me headlong into the unknown abyss below. 'Tis when rejected, forsaken by the unfeeling object of our tenderest love, the forlorn, almost maniac, wretch, racked to the soul by despair and the wild parenzy of contending passions, impiously presumes to arraign the ways of nature, execrate self-existence and raise the hand to——but no, no ! away the joyous sweets of love, your triumph shall be short. I'll drive him from my bosom, if possible, and never see him more.

*enter PHILLIS.*

*Phil. (to Augusta)* Missy, mr. Seldreer done come, he dere at de door, I shall——

*Miss Light.* Now to that notorious villain Catch-pay, and attest to all I have said. (*aside, and going*)

*SELDREER and JACK rush in and stop her.*

*Jack.* Avast there ! lay the topsails to your masts and down jib. Damn me, but we have brought your ladyship to just as you had gained the victory and made ready for sailing ; but you are taken all aback ; you are too late, the action is not yet over, so stand by for a broadside, and dont let a call up the hatchway or I'll belay the lanyards of your jaws and close down the hatches.

*Seld.* My dear Augusta, nay speak not, I know

E.

what you have heard ; faithful Jack here, overheard that wretch——

*Miss Light.* You may spare your rhetoric perfidious man ! for those who may condescend to listen to it. Curse my ill fortune ! oh disappointed vengeance ! I must curb my rage, but come what will I care not, I have an amazonian spirit ; I fly not from retribution nor ask your clemency—you will find me at home.

[*exit miss Lightlove and Phillis*]

*Augus.* Can this be true ? does no flying vision dance before the eye, delighting the imagination with the illusive semblance of pleasure ? oh my love, I have wronged you in the extreme but——

*Seld.* This embrace, this overwhelming ecstasy of joy, repays all and drowns remembrance in dark oblivion or recalls the past but as a fresh gust to these sweets.

*Augus.* It does, it does !

*Seld.* Oh sovereign all potent love, dost thou possess such sweets ! a cordial remedy for all the casual ills of life, and yet can there be misery engendered throughout the whole human race ? but thou henceforth art my deity ; and in the sainted image of my dear Augusta will I pay adoration at thy shrine, with bended knee, and homage, devout and sincere as ever pilgrim uttered in his orisons.

*Char.* Already he is forgiven ; a few kind words and looks suffice, almost before the semblance of his innocence appears. (*aside*)

*Seld.* But why is cousin Charlotte so serious.

*Augus.* Oh, a trifle—nothing ; I suspect she is only a little in love with our good friend.

*Char* There it is again ! oh frailty ! oh woman ! you are synonymous (*aside*) No, I—I was listening to the fine sentimental speeches of Leander and observing his magnanimous Hero's forgiveness.

*Jack*. Damn my chain plates, if the gale continues to rage in this manner from all quarters we shall carry away the standing rigging and bring up on a lee shore (*aside*)

*Seld*. Portrain is a friend indeed ! he has just rescued thy Algernon from a dreary prison. He flew to my assistance and resolved to accompany us to the eastward, to mine and my Augusta's friends ; if the beautiful little Charlotte, as he calls her, the prettiest girl in the whole city, should continue unrelenting, for the poor fellow's fallen most terribly in love with her, and has commissioned me to break his tender suit and plead the cause of love ; and notwithstanding he swears, which I never heard him do till to day, that Charlotte is the handsomest girl in the world, I fear she will be cruel.

*Char* It's very strange ! but if it's true, I don't know as I shall be very unrelenting. True love is so rare among the gentlemen now, we ought to show a little compassion to those who are sincere, if it's merely to encourage them and hold forth examples of lenity to other adventurers.

*Seld*. He has told me all, sweet cousin. He says he can't live in this country unless you are his wife, though he would not have acceded to a matrimonial proposition this morning on any consideration. Do pity him, and let his punishment be lenient ; won't you Charlotte ? I will vouch for the sincerity

of his love and his anxiety for you to become his and make a partner of our journey—but he will be here directly to plead his own cause. If we depart I hope you will consent to go cousin, if it is only as the friend of Augusta. What say you, Charlotte?

*Char.* If cousin Augusta goes—and—and——

*Augus.* I go.

*Char.* I go! I go! but recollect not as a lover, only as the friend and companion of cousin Augusta

*Seld.* Any thing you please Charlotte, so you do but go.

*enter mr. and mrs. MARCENE.*

*Marc.* Where are the abettors of this vile woman?

*Jack.* They'll soon be along side; mr. Portrain is in chase of them. The Dashaways, and that lubber of a justice, leagued with her to dowse the glim of my innocent young lady's and my master's precious lives.

*Augus.* How could they be so inhuman?

*Char.* I wonder mr. Portrain dont come; I am really concerned about him. (*aside*)

*enter mr. PORTRAIN and constables with the DASH-  
AWAYS and CATCHPAY.*

*Port.* All's well I find. How is my charming little Charlotte?

*Catch.* Was ever a limb of the law, was ever poor gentleman justice, in such a cursed pickle since the days of Don Quixôte? I told Dick how it would end;



but no, he wouldn't believe me though he has found my words pretty true so far and I fear he will a good deal farther. Oh there's no doubt of it, we shall get the hempen cravats by and bye : but Dick'll be cured of his vices ; that's some satisfaction however. (*aside*)

*Dick.* Oh lord ! oh lord ! I shall go it now, and lose all I learnt at college. This is paying cursed dear for a woman's whistle and after all not to get it. Oh the fifty thousand dollars ! damn the gallows and the girl too, if I was clear and had the money. However I have no occasion for it now. But what vexes me most, is to think this business all comes from having to do with a woman. Father will lose his next spring election, for I shan't be there to electioneer for him ; if he had not meddled quite so much with the girls, he would not have lived to see his neck stretched in his old age perhaps ; nor his son his pretty face spoiled in his youthful days. If a man would find the way to the gallows, or state prison, he has only to employ a woman, and she'll go it for him ; she'll do his business, I'll answer for it. Oh my beautiful face and poor neck, that you should desert me when I am no longer able to protect you. Oh petticoats ! petticoats ! ye are truly man's evil genius. (*aside*)

*Mrs. Marc.* I say husband, mr. Portrain has done her a great favor and you must thank him and reward his friend with her hand. Or can't you endure the idea of breaking your obligations to your old friend there ?

*Marc.* It shall be so. The villains ! cowards ! away with them.

*Seld.* Hold a little. At such a time as this, when I think I perceive the vivid ray of happiness about to beam around me with bright effulgence I would make none miserable, though they may have injured me, when it is in my power to do otherwise. Men I forgive you from my soul, and may you as easily reconcile your own conduct to your consciences ; hence and learn to know yourselves, and be honest.

*Dash.* He's a noble youth, and has kindled the first genial sparks of sensibility and benevolence in my bosom I ever felt, and it must not be extinguished here. (*aside*) Young man, let my reformation be accepted, and though I have lived the most false of friends to your worthy father, permit me to prove the most sincere to his son. I will call on you tomorrow morning and amply reimburse your father's losses on my account ; and if Mr. Marcene will not then give you his daughter, your lovely Augusta, I will give you twenty thousand dollars more. So, instead of avariciously gaining another fortune, or making fifty per cent. on the present, I shall with pleasure lose a part of it by just restoration, and become an honest man.

*Catch.* (*as he goes off*) Better exit than I ever suffered one of my clients to make, the best I shall ever make myself, couldn't have come off half so well if he had taken us before the court I am sure.

[*Exeunt Mr. Dashaway, Catchpay and constables*]

*Jack.* So, one squadron has cleared out and may stiff breezes waft them beyond the possibility of ever entering this harbor again till they have experienced that the anchor of honesty is the sailor's hold-fast in fair and hardweather.

*Dick.* Father will gain his election when he becomes truly an honest man, for I shall be there to assist him ; but not to become inebriated. No, I will go it no longer. I see my errors which were about to take my neck ; and have done with wine, gaming, courting, unjust politics, unfair practices at elections, and every vice, and I hope all my companions will follow my example, and become virtuous. Mr. Seldreer, I feel contrition and would exhibit marks of gratitude—I thank you, and ask your pardon. I shall be laughed at—but no matter, I can go that, when fools and profligates are the organs. [exit

*Jack.* I hope all squalls are blown over and we may have nothing but light and fair breezes, with a smooth sea and no plunderers, to work up the straights of love to the harbor of matrimony, where we'll grapple fast with Cupid's anchor and ride quietly over the smooth seas of domestic felicity, now we are clear of old *false* Justice shoals, and the gulph of his friend, madam *loose* Petticoats.

(*aside*)

*Marc.* (*to Portrain and Jack*) You have saved my daughter from——

*Jack.* Avast and belay if you please ; we have only done our duty, which the lads of Columbia shall ever do as freely as they fight her enemies ;—hove out a signal of friendship to a shipmate in distress, and lent a hand to get all right and above decks again.

*Port.* I have one request to make on the score of friendship. Will you mr. Marcene, make your amiable daughter and my friend happy by uniting them ?

*Marc.* I have thought of it, and it shall be so.  
(joins the hands of Seldreer and Augusta)

*Char.* I see I shall be obliged to love him, and so I will on condition he makes one request more.  
(aside)

(Charlotte and Portrain look anxiously at each other)

*Marc.* Charlotte, they say mr. Portrain loves you, and that you have an inclination to pity him. If he has your consent he has mine. You understand me, sir?

*Port.* Perfectly!—my dear Charlotte, I love you more than life! will you have compassion? and—

*Char.* I believe I may as well to avoid being troubled, for I suppose there would be no other remedy and I should be obliged to pity you at last, after being teased almost to death perhaps. So, from mere compassion to us both, here's my hand.

*Port.* Thanks my dear, dear, Charlotte. (kissing her hand)

JONATHAN enters.

*Jona.* He, he, he, he! a rotten good un, by gum! darned 'f it dont beet the old Nick and all nater! kissen the gals right afore folks. O'ny 'e dont dewe it right; 'e dont kiss the place we yankee boys dewe, but I spose 'e dewes it arter the fashion 'f the place, though I dont much like it, by gum! and guess the yankee gals wouldn't nuther. I am sartan they ruther have the lips 'f a handsome young man like me, touch theirn than the back 'f their hands.

*Jack.* How are you, brother blue skin? shiver me but you look as fresh as if you had not been drunk nor seen a salt sea spray this month.

*Jona.* Darn my skin but here's that impudent sailor agin. Mr. Sell-dear here's a letter our capun picked up for you som'er along shore. 'E wishes respect tewe you and your friends, for 'e's heerd all about it, and hopes now you're so nation joyful, you won't forsake our scheuner, for we've put things all t'rights aboard in torne down fine order, so you won't want for nothen at all o'ny what we aynt got—and that's every thing, that's confurbul, I snore. (*aside*) Our capun kaynt come up now 'e's so tarnation busy, but 'e desires you a heap 'f joy with your happiness, and hopes the ladies and you'll have a torne down agreeable night on't. That's the whul on't. (*going*) No it aynt though.

*Jack.* A fair wind to you, brother Jonathan.

*Jona.* 'Bliged tewe you, brother Impuduns, but I'm not off yit. (*views the company with much satisfaction*) What a nation fine thing it is tewe have a pretty wife, by gum! darned 'f I dont git straight along back tewe Suffield agin, and marry along 'f my sweet Polly Perkins, and we'll kick up sich a rotten dust on't, never fetch me! Bunker hill and the yankee gals for ever, for the yankee bovs, says brother Jonathan. [*exit*

*Jack.* My eyes! but I must have a sweetheart too——

*To be sure and like a true tar while in port,  
And my money lasts, with the girls I'll sport.*

Damn me, but I am glad old Blowhard has come to his senses, relented, and spliced his girls to their lovers: a devilish lucky thing for my master,

though the poor man's so unfortunate as to get a wife by it ; yet lord love her, she's a kind sweet creature, and I dont think there's much danger of his getting under petticoat government—but if his fresh water friend there dont get a new commander, and a petticoat hoisted at his mizen-peak for his ensign, I am most damnably out of my reckoning and no sailor. (*aside*)

*Seld.* (*having finished reading the letter*) This letter informs me that my parents have just arrived opposite Sullivan's island, and will be up with the next tide ; having come thus far on their way to see their truant son.

*Our happiness is now indeed complete,  
If you, our worthy friends, but deign to greet,  
With friendly approbation's grateful smile,  
The hours we have attempted to beguile ;  
And in applause, your ever gen'rous cheer,  
Drown all our youthful author's trembling fear ;  
And say, amid this national commotion,  
We bid to live—each honest YANKEE NOTION.*

END OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

NO 296

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